

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Mobius"

(feat. Busta Rhymes & Consequence)

*[Consequence:]*

I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills  
Dream about Bugattis and other four-wheels  
They say Illuminati and other ordeals  
Is how my lawyer got me to avoid a raw deal  
And now it's more real than it is for any other star  
And that's enough to have you tearing up the mini-bar  
I should probably get awards when the Emmys are  
For how I deal with the path like Remy Ma  
I get in the car like a sniper's on the roof now  
But don't confuse how you see me, have to move now  
I got bars like the cypher's in the booth now  
Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier  
'Long as they get my page right on Wikipedia  
'Long as they say my name right in the media  
If you don't, that's a sin like Cincinnati  
'Cause ever since I had the polo suit at the Grammys  
I been spittin' at the camera like Trick Daddy  
So swag, he could have broke up with IG  
I ain't surprised that they broke up on IG  
I got the game on IV  
Might as well have a live feed  
Keep a fresh cut from Aunt B  
So I always match the picture in my ID  
They packin' Dub C and run with MAC 10  
I was still a baby Similac then  
And what the crack era did to black men  
It had to be an error if you had a Cadillac then

*[Busta Rhymes:]*

How I rock mine, I throw it up  
Makin' sure that you niggas all are on the same page  
Powerful force, you better look both ways  
Fuck that, I'm chokin' niggas, it's goin' down  
I'm from a different cloth, we the oracles of the sound  
Skip town, hit 'em with impeccable pound  
Lost, found, the way I flood it, niggas gon' drown  
Rip shit...oh, wait, wait, wait, wait...  
I gotta do it again, I gotta do it again  
You already know the script, roundhouse kick  
She lookin' at me, lickin' her lip  
Put my arm around her like a bowl of chip with the dip  
With your bitch, what the fuck, niggas erupt  
I got the half moon clip, that's banana, a good planner  
A new anger like a larger Bruce Banner, out the house  
Nigga, if you open your mouth

Damn, nigga, if you open you mouth  
Fuck the press, I'm leavin' every room in a mess  
Like herds of bulls with they aprons on and bakin' soda  
Keep it movin', keep the convo short and bring a case of Henny  
House of Pain, I control many  
House of lies, where niggas go run, hide  
Peep the way the scribe conflict with they real lives  
(Nigga) Phonetic shit, we go bizarre  
Bad news for niggas as I go emphatical, radical  
Mention no animals, roamin' like a czar  
Every time I blah for the record, the shit splatter  
The whole data, no bullshit, the boom bapper  
I pull the gat up, whip the ship, come to bat up  
When I pull up too niggas even your momma goin' scatter